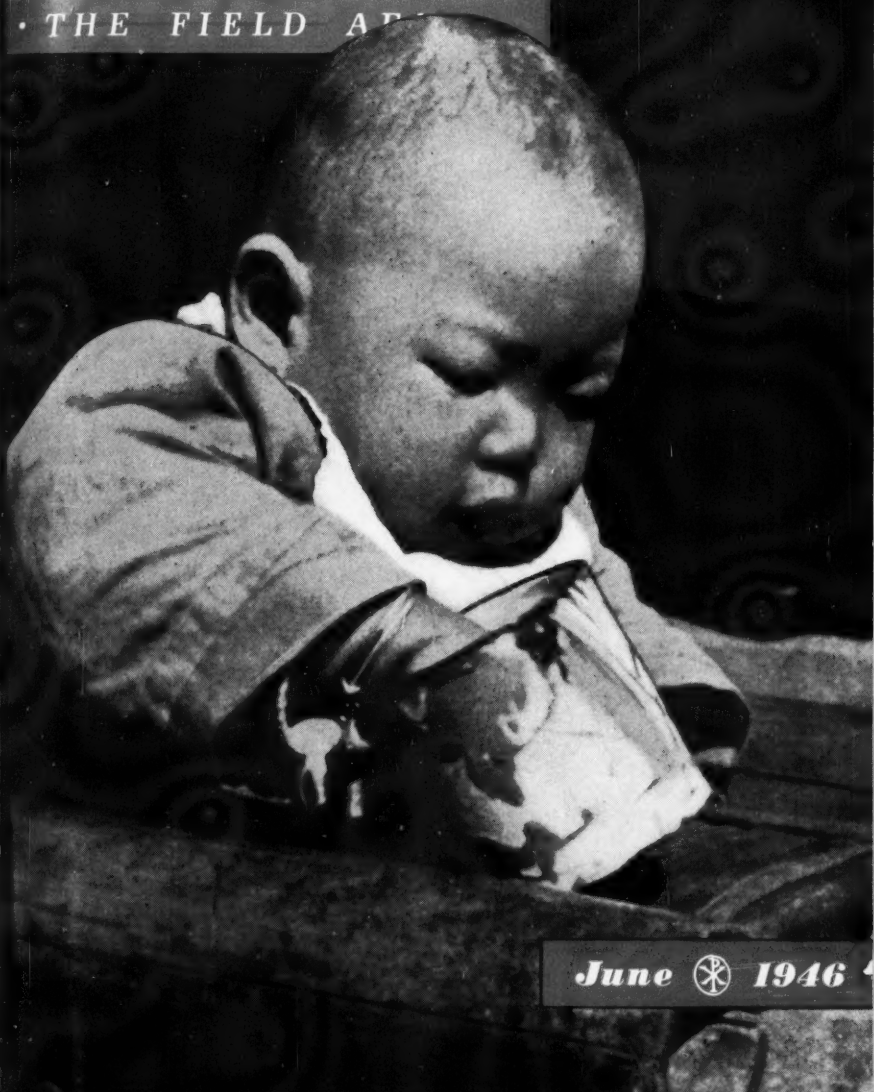


# MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD ARTIST •



June  1946



**THOMAS CARDINAL TIEN**, of the Society of the Divine Word, and China's first member of the Sacred College, is greeted at the Maryknoll Seminary entrance by Bishop Walsh.

# MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



*The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul*

**Address all communications:**  
**The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York**

## **Among this issue's features:**

**Our Cover:** From the cradle to the grave, life in China is a long search for food.

**No Time to Worry.** Father Leo W. Sweeney locked his troubles in his heart and won souls for God. *Page 2*

**Faith through a Tunnel.** The Church went into Korea on its knees but stands upright and strong there today. *Page 6*

**June Ordinations.** Young, new missionaries are alert for their coming tasks in the far fields. *Page 10*

**Adventure in Rescue.** Missioners impress the natives with their airborne tactics in aid of a sick companion. *Page 17*

**Democracy in Japan.** A nation can't lose its character one day and find a newly fashioned one to fit it immediately. *Page 26*

**Ticket to Heaven.** Maryknoll's licensed aviator looks over Bolivian terrain and sees some answers in the sky. *Page 42*

**Do Missioners Die Alone?** Death can come on quiet, padded feet, or roar out of an unsuspected mountain ambush. *Page 46*



**Two smiles at his feet make Father Toomey grin at the bundle in his arm**

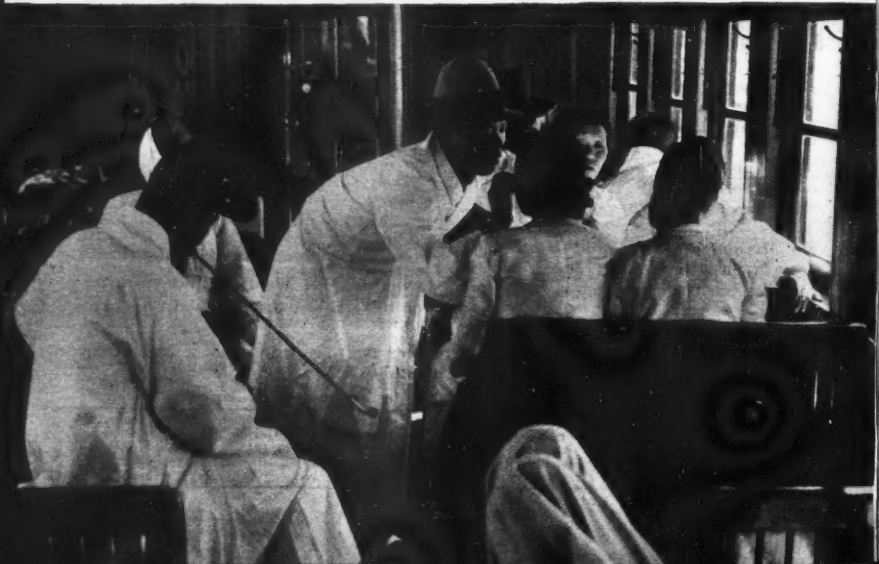
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Quick-thinking youngsters (above) in Father Sweeney's school had no trouble capturing coveted trophies. Their elders (below) traveled for miles to get to the missionary, whose *Black's Medical Dictionary* was a daily study





# No Time to Worry

by JAMES H. RAY

**C**AN YOU IMAGINE ANYONE starting from scratch and building up a school of 1,500 children in the middle of Korea? A young American priest did. He was Father Leo Sweeney of New Britain, Connecticut, who died a couple of years ago. This Maryknoller was noted for ready wit and warm friendliness, and he was especially successful with children. His mission — Chinnampo — had the reputation of being the most successful in all Korea.

The record of Father Sweeney's school, by far the best in the town, so impressed the people that they clamored to get their children into it. Three fourths of its pupils were non-Christian. A small tuition fee helped greatly to enhance its rating.

Father Sweeney used to tell other missionaries: "Give medical help free, give relief free, but do not fail to charge for education."

## Arouse Interest

**M**ANY of the graduates, their training in Christian doctrine having been excellent, were employed as catechists. The missionary paid them a salary, and although it was small, it was greater than they could get in local factories. The catechists traveled throughout the mission territory, instructing all who would listen. So successful were they that Father was always short of enough of them to teach the numbers of people who became interested in the Church.

In addition to his day school, Father Sweeney conducted a free night school for 400 youngsters who had to work during the day.

The Japanese supervisors in Korea

placed great emphasis on physical education and mathematics. Father Sweeney's school excelled in both of these subjects. In one field-day program, his pupils took five cups out of a possible six. The Japanese then sponsored a mathematics competition, with all calculations to be done on the abacus. For two years, Father Leo's students took both first and second places, and the result was that the Japanese school lost considerable face.

## Open House

**I**N THE third year of this mathematics competition, the Japanese officials placed Father's pupils in the rear of the room where the test was held. Then the Japanese who read off the problems spoke in such a low voice that the distant pupils could not hear him.

The Korean youngsters called out, "Louder!" but the examiner refused to speak with any greater volume.

When the examination was over, the principal of Father Sweeney's school went to the Japanese who gave the test and complained about the treatment given to the mission students. "But how else could we win?" was the examiner's response.

Father Leo Sweeney was close to the hearts of the Korean people. He knew them, and knew how their minds worked. His command of their language was perfect. My happiest recollection of this good missionary is that of him sitting at his desk, working, in his little three-room house. Children were all over the house, playing on the floor, looking at pictures, or discussing doctrine. Visitors dropped in for chats. In the midst of all this hubbub,

Father Leo sat undisturbed, pausing to greet people or answer questions.

The children of the town looked upon him as a guide, and used his home as their recreation center. The priests' house was the boys' favorite playground, so that Father Leo could remark: "These Korean youngsters have given up the life of the world. They are now living in the rectory!"

Yet not with the young only was he preoccupied. In addition to the school Father Sweeney maintained a dispensary, an orphanage, and an old folks' home. The latter began with one old lady who had no place to put her head, and ended with eighty like her. The orphanage, too, began by accident.

In the missionary's walks around town, he had seen ragged, homeless youngsters running in the streets. "We've got to get them some place to live!" he had said. And thus the orphanage was started, and soon it boasted thirty children.

To buy rice to feed all the needy and old people cost \$1,200 a month, or about ten cents each per day. Even the non-Christians in town took up contributions, so impressed were they with the work. The Bishop sent extra funds, as did many other missionaries. But the chief thanks must go to American Catholics, who kept most of this work going by their generous contributions.

Just where all the money for his enterprises came from, was a mystery even to Father Sweeney. He once told me that he did not know where to get funds for a certain undertaking, but that he did his best for God and trusted Him to take care

of everything. The formula was successful.

Father Sweeney showed great physical endurance and was always the first to attack a difficult job. Coming into the mission one day, I found him returning from a trip on his bicycle. "Out on a little sick call," he replied when I asked him where he had been.



The "man on the hill"  
— he helped everyone.

Later I discovered that the "little sick call" covered a jaunt of thirty-five miles in each direction, and that he had made the seventy-mile trip by bicycle in one day. This was no small feat when we consider the narrow paths winding through Korean rice fields, the many steep hills in other places, the repeated getting off the bicycle to push it, and the trudging over rough terrain. After the exhausting day, I found him that night poring over

*Black's Medical Dictionary*, seeking a cure for a seriously ill patient.

Father Leo never compromised on matters of principle. On one occasion he was ready to let the Japanese close his school, rather than to sacrifice even minor principles. The Japanese officials who came to talk the matter over, took it for granted that the missionary would compromise. Only when Father Sweeney explained that he would rather close the school did the officials realize that no compromise was possible — and then they hastily beat a retreat.

Not to be omitted from this story is Phil, Father Sweeney's Korean cook, who thought the sun rose and set on *Sin Poo* Sweeney. Phil spoke English fairly well and was unusually intelligent. He could have gotten a good job as cook anywhere,

but he preferred to remain with Father. He was a great bargainer, trying always to save the mission money.

Once when coal was being delivered, Phil noted that the weight was certainly short. He said nothing at the time; but when the coal merchant came for his money, Phil upbraided him: "You should be ashamed of yourself, cheating the Church! You know what these priests do for your people. You should be ashamed of yourself!"

The coal merchant admitted his guilt and cut the bill accordingly.

"There's a little bit of Irish in Phil," Father Leo would say about his cook, on whom he relied greatly. When the boys crowding the mission house became too noisy, Father would nod to Phil — and it was Phil who quieted them. When the priests wished to clear everyone out of the house so that they could go to bed, Father

would give Phil a sign — and it was Phil who sent everyone home. In such matters, Father Leo never had to bother with the offenders: Phil was the man who attended to them.

Father Sweeney never complained about his health. The only ailment we ever heard him mention was heartburn, and that was not important, he said. After his death, we learned that the ailment was not heartburn, but heart trouble. He was so interested in other people that he never had time to worry about himself.

Daily the poor and the destitute came to Father Sweeney for help. Father never asked a question, and always gave help.

The people continually sent the needy to the mission. "See the man up on the hill. He will help you!" they told the beggars.

Yes, even the non-Christians worked for and with Father Sweeney!

#### **Parish gathering of Korean Catholics at Father Sweeney's mission compound**



# Faith through a Tunnel

by FLORENCE D. DAVID

**Korea is in today's headlines. Here is the background of one of the Orient's most Christian nations. Some of the facts will surprise you.**

**T**HE Korean peninsula first received the Faith from native apostles. Korean envoys to China had brought back to their country writings of the Jesuit missionaries in Peking. In 1777, a group of Korean scholars withdrew to a mountain solitude, "to seek the truth about human nature, heaven, and the world." They studied Christian books that had fallen into their hands, and they recognized in them the true doctrine.

In 1783, one of these scholars, Pyeki by name, heard that an intimate friend was journeying to China with the yearly embassy. He persuaded this friend to seek from the missionaries in Peking further information about Catholic teachings. The friend was baptized in China, under the name of Peter. On his return to Korea, in 1784, Peter baptized Pyeki and another of the group of scholars. These new converts, fired with the zeal of apostles, baptized numerous followers. Local persecutions came almost at once.

In all good faith, these pioneer Korean Christians thought they could establish their own hierarchy. In 1789, they were informed of their error by the Bishop of Peking. The Korean Christians then sent representatives to beg for missionaries. Active persecution broke out in 1791; but the number of Korean Christians, nevertheless, rose to over 4,000 by 1794.

In the following year, a Chinese priest,

Father James Tsiou, entered Korea secretly. His labors bore much fruit. When, in 1801, the Chinese priest was discovered, tortured, and put to death, the young Korean Church had more than 10,000 Christians. There ensued the first of the four great persecutions which killed thousands of Korean Catholics in the nineteenth century. After the martyrdom of Father Tsiou, the Church in Korea was without a priest for thirty-three years.

A blessed unity characterizes the stories of the martyr priests and people of Korea: it is their intense devotion to the Passion of Our Lord. At the school of Christ's Passion, old men, youths, matrons, virgins, and tender children learned the secret of an imposing dignity in the midst of ignoble tortures. Crowds always flocked to the trials, and many were converted by the martyrs' words and bearing. The lingering agony of exile, or of years in the loathsome Korean prisons, was less known to men, but precious in the sight of God.

## Foreign Missioners Arrive

**A**FTER the Holy See had entrusted the evangelization of Korea to the Paris Foreign Missions Society, two French missioners succeeded eventually in crossing the frozen Yalu River from Manchuria and in entering Korea in the disguise of the native mourning costume. They crawled by night through a narrow tunnel, formed by a drain in the wall of the frontier city of Wiju. This hallowed spot is now in the Maryknoll Korean mission field. In 1837, these two missioners were joined by Bishop Imbert, vicar apostolic of the Korean mission field. The suffering Church in Korea



Natives brought the 'seed' from China

awoke to a new life filled with hope.

In 1839, without warning, a fierce persecution began. Bishop Imbert, Father Maubant, and Father Chastan were tortured and beheaded. Those of the faithful who escaped death were scattered and reduced to misery; but the very dispersion of the Christians spread the teachings of the Church far and wide.

It was Father Andrew Kim, the first Korean priest, who succeeded in introducing new European missionaries into Korea. Father Kim had been sent by Father Maubant to the seminary in Macao, and had been ordained to the priesthood in China. In 1846, Father Kim was detected in the attempt to smuggle still other missionaries into Korea. The holy and courageous young Korean apostle was beheaded. A fresh storm of persecution steeped the Korean Church in blood.

In the years from 1846 to 1866, the number of Korean Catholics increased to 23,000. These years of progress were the forerunners of Korean Christianity's most terrible ordeal. The greatest of all the Korean persecutions broke out in 1866. Two French bishops and seven of their missionaries were tortured and decapitated. Only three missionaries remained in Korea. After incredible hardships, these priests succeeded in reaching China.

The persecution raged for several years. In 1870, public rumor placed the number of Christians who had been martyred at about 8,000. Many other Christians, refugees in remote regions of the country, had died of hunger and exposure.

#### **The Fallow Years**

**I**N SPITE of ceaseless attempts, French missionaries were not able to re-enter Korea until 1876. After that date, the attitude of the Korean Government toward the Catholic missionaries relaxed considerably

with the changing times. Even the most stubborn of Korea's isolationists began to realize the persistence of the Westerners, who had already made treaties with China and with Japan. It was no longer safe to put foreign missionaries to death.

In 1880, Father Mutel and Father Liouville still found it necessary to enter Korea concealed under the broad native mourning hat; but in 1881, a group of Korean scholars agitated unsuccessfully against the Christians. The king had decided to play safe with the Western powers. The following year, missionaries were granted the legal right to enter Korea.

As soon as Korea's treaties with the Western powers permitted them to work openly, the Paris Foreign Missioners in the peninsula founded a preparatory and a major seminary for Korean vocations. In 1888, the Sisters of Saint Paul de Chartres arrived in Korea. They opened schools for girls and began the training of Korean Sisters. The mission printing press was set up in Seoul. A site was purchased in the capital for the erection of a Catholic cathedral.

### Reaping the Harvest

IN 1890, Father Mutel was consecrated a bishop, as Korea's eighth vicar apostolic. His motto was *Florete Flores Martyrum*; and during his long episcopate, the flowers of the martyrs did indeed bloom in splendor. A greater number of French apostolic workers began to reach Korea. After 1896, Korean priests were ordained on the peninsula. By 1911, the number of Catholics in Korea had risen to 77,000.

In 1909, Benedictine monks from Saint Odile in Bavaria founded a monastery at Seoul, where they opened a flourishing industrial school. Two years later, the Holy See ordered the division of the Korean mission field into two vicariates.

The new vicariate, in the south of the peninsula, had its center in the city of Taikou.

During World War I, many of the French missionaries in Korea were mobilized and recalled to France — some of them never to return. Less financial aid came from France. These conditions constituted a very special problem for the Catholic Church in Korea, since the Protestant workers had abundant personnel and funds. After the close of hostilities, the young men of Korea were affected by Bolshevik ideas and by the materialism which accompanied the modernization of their ancient land.

In 1920, the northeast of Korea was erected as a new vicariate, and was entrusted to the German Benedictine monks who had been working in Seoul. Their Vicariate of Wonsan includes also a large area in Manchuria.

In 1922, the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda assigned a field in northwestern Korea to the Maryknoll Fathers. Protestants were strongly entrenched in the Maryknoll Vicariate Apostolic of Pyengyang. The commercial and industrial center of Pyengyang is Korea's second-largest city. In the years between 1922 and the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, 25,000 Koreans were baptized in the Pyengyang Vicariate alone.

The Saint Columban Fathers are at work in two mission fields in Korea: the Prefecture Apostolic of Kwangju, in the southwest, erected in 1937; and the Prefecture Apostolic of Choonchun, in the center of the peninsula, erected in 1939. Owing to their Irish nationality, twenty-four Saint Columban priests were permitted to remain in Korea throughout World War II.

The Catholic Church in Korea "came of age" when, in 1937, a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda entrusted the



Prefecture Apostolic of Chunju, a section of southern Korea, to the exclusive jurisdiction of native Korean clergy. Thus the primary aim of the pioneer French missionaries in that land of martyrs was finally fulfilled.

### **"Coming of Age"**

**T**HIS mission Church which has "come of age" has today 200,000 Korean Catholics. At the outbreak of World War II, the Church of Korea had 125 foreign priests, 121 Korean priests, 298 seminarians, 31 foreign Brothers, 12 Korean Brothers, 49 foreign Sisters, 252 Korean Sisters, and 1,687 lay catechist helpers.

Maryknoll's Bishop William F. O'Shea, repatriated during World War II from Korea, died "in exile" in the United States. Before his death, he wrote longingly: "The day will come when American mis-

sioners will return to help the native Korean Church of the future to fulfill its destiny. This glorious destiny is to serve, like the Church in the Philippines, as a Christian fortress on the ramparts of the Far East."

In our own country, an organization known as "Catholics for Korea" has been formed recently, under the sponsorship of Cardinal Spellman. A chief objective of this organization is to interest the Catholics of America in one of the Far East's most Christian nations.

A number of travelers have described the curious costumes and customs of the former "Hermit Kingdom"; but few, indeed, have written of the Korea of the martyrs, to which has been granted again and again the glory of "filling up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ."

## **Sister Joan Miriam**

**O**N MARCH 14, a telegram from Galveston, Texas, brought the Maryknoll family the grievous news of the death of our Sister Joan Miriam Beauvais, from typhoid-pneumonia. She died with her Maryknoll companion beside her and supported and consoled with the most loving, never-to-be-forgotten attentions of the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word.

To Maryknoll, when she entered from Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1928, Sister Joan Miriam brought talents of a high order, which she consecrated wholly to her work whether in China, in the Philippines, or at home.

The last six years of her life were devoted to awakening and stimulating interest in the mission cause. Thousands of boys and girls throughout the United States have been inspired by the charm of her gifted personality and her message, and have become an active part of the great mission movement, either as missionaries or as lay apostles.

A valiant apostle, Sister Joan Miriam died in the field herself — and to your charity we commend her truly beautiful soul.



**Sister Joan Miriam**



# JUNE ORDINATIONS



Radio receivers and transmitters are **Father Louis J. Wolken's** hobbies. He helped build the amateur station at Maryknoll Seminary, thus gaining experience for the missions. St. Louis, Missouri, is his native city.



A few years ago **Father Frederick J. Becka** got his twin brother to take over his drugstore soda-dispensing job in Cleveland, Ohio, and then left for Maryknoll. This promising musician and athlete is ready for the missions.



**Father Thomas F. Garrity** learned of Maryknoll through a classmate in Waterbury, Connecticut, where he was born. The fact that he is a good golfer and skier makes this young priest physically fit for the missions.

**JUNE IS A BUSY MONTH** at Maryknoll Seminary. There are final examinations, preparations for departure, and various other occasions of hustle and bustle. The high spot of the month, this year, will be the elevation to the priesthood, in our temporary Seminary chapel, of fifteen deacons. These young levites will be ordained by Bishop Walsh on Sunday, June the ninth.

Accompanying this article are the names and pictures of these new priests-to-be. One of them, at least, may come from "your" section of the country.

Many years of careful preparation and training have gone into the formation of these young men. Some of them came to Maryknoll directly from elementary school; others, from high school; others, from college; and a few, from various American seminaries. Although their backgrounds were widely divergent, they are all joined in a single purpose — that of taking Christ to all those souls whom they can reach.

This June will be the most important month in the entire lives of these future missionaries. The long years of waiting and dreaming will be more than amply rewarded when they walk out of the chapel, the sacred oils still damp on their consecrated fingers, and with upraised hands give their first blessings to happy parents and friends.

We of Maryknoll are honored in

## CLASS OF 1946

our young priests. To us they represent the hope of the harvest. We expect much of them. Great potentialities rest in their hands. As Bishop James E. Walsh once wrote of an ordination class, "Souls, perhaps nations, are cast in the balance with the success of their ministry."

Our new priests will be ordained and sent forth in critical times. Much of the world is in need of their message. In the Orient, nations are shaking off the lethargy of centuries and looking towards new horizons—horizons that must not exclude Christ and His Church.

Our new priests will move into lands where other Maryknollers have gone before them. In the Orient, they will build new Christian settlements, planting the seed of the Gospel in souls now unaware of Christ. They will be the bearers of a new life which will revitalize the spiritually sterile.

In Latin America, they will go to fill a void in Christian lands emptied of priests. There they will give, not something new, but something that has been lacking for centuries. They will take the Mass, the sacraments, Christian education, and the social teachings of the Church, to a valiant people who have clung to their Faith, without priests and without schools, in spite of ridicule and bitter persecution.

Our congratulations to the Class of 1946!

Chicago, Illinois, is the home of **Father Bernard F. Ryan**. The Jesuits of Ignatius High School had a hand in his training. He is the first Maryknoller to come from St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, Mundelein, Illinois.



A lifeguard's task on New England beaches set **Father Lawrence J. Burns** wondering about people across the seas. His pastor, Father Halloran, of Wakefield, Massachusetts, told him about Maryknoll.



**Father Alphonse A. Schiavone** first studied for the Hartford Diocese. At St. Mary's in Baltimore he concluded that Maryknoll and the missions better fitted his vocation. Waterbury, Connecticut, is his home town.





A product of Jesuit High School in New York City, **Father Paul F. D'Arcy** has literary and dramatic talents, developed and polished for future use. Two priests in Buffalo are his cousins.



**Father John F. Curran** once worked in the copper mines in his native Butte, Montana. He was on the football squad at Notre Dame University, but left it for Maryknoll and a foreign-mission career.



Born in Austria, **Father Michael J. Ruck** is a lover of music. His home now is in San Francisco, California. One more language to be learned, in some mission land — and then he'll settle down for good.



An industrious, inquisitive young reporter on a Lynn, Massachusetts, newspaper found out about Maryknoll and decided to be a missionary. He is **Father John F. Coholan**, of Roslindale, Massachusetts.



**Father George F. Pfister**, of Albany, New York, came to Maryknoll from a military academy. A mission assignment will keep him marching in an army that fights for souls.



**Father Louis I. Bayless** comes from a family of doctors and nurses, in San Jose, California. The medical profession's possible loss may have a compensating effect in some future mission dispensary.



**Father Charles A. Brown** went to Cathedral College, in his native New York City, until drawn by a mission vocation to Maryknoll. He is one of eleven children and has a brother a priest in the Archdiocese of New York.



**Lieguard and counselor at summer camps, Father Joseph E. Brannigan** intermittently thought of the missions. A student and athlete from New York City, he came to Maryknoll from Dunwoodie Seminary.



The Archdiocese of Boston adds the name of another son to Maryknoll rosters. **Father John J. Stankard** lives in Milton, Massachusetts. **THE FIELD AFAR** and a love for missions brought him to Maryknoll.



## If You Like Statistics . . .

ONE of our statistically-minded editors has been adding figures during the last few days, and has included the results in a report on Maryknoll personnel. He informs us that Maryknollers come from 21 archdioceses, 70 dioceses, and 40 States, plus the District of Columbia. He lets us know, also, that, while there were only 367 Maryknollers in 1922, there are 1,861 Maryknollers today.

The survey shows that the following States have contributed the largest number of Maryknollers:

New York.....	475	Illinois.....	69
Massachusetts.....	360	Missouri.....	64
Pennsylvania.....	152	New Jersey.....	63
California.....	116	Wisconsin.....	51
Ohio.....	90	Connecticut.....	40
Michigan.....	70	Minnesota.....	39



## I Ran the Blockade

by MAURICE A. FEEHEY

I HAD ESCAPED from the Japanese, but I was stranded. There were no two ways about it. I didn't mind for myself, but the forty-odd crates and boxes which I had quietly accumulated contained precious foods and medicines badly needed in the Yeungkong mission.

Kwangchowan, on the coast of South China, was only a little over one hundred miles from my Yeungkong home, but it might as well have been a thousand.

All the roads leading up the coast to Yeungkong had been broken up and were impassable. Kwangchowan Harbor was empty, because the Japanese, who patrolled the outlying waters, had sunk or burned every boat they found.

The plight seemed hopeless. Dejectedly I sat among my boxes, trying to figure out some solution for my problem.

"Hello, *Shen Fu!* Where are you going with all the boxes?"

The voice sounded close to my ear, and I jumped in surprise. The speaker was a stocky Chinese, garbed in a seaman's

outfit. I had not noticed his approach.

"I'm trying to get to Yeungkong."

"What's in those cases, *Shen Fu?*"

"Mostly medicine for our dispensaries."

"Give me two hundred dollars, and I'll take you to Yeungkong."

Timed perfectly, the offer surprised me. Still there was a doubt that persisted.

"How can you take me to Yeungkong?"

"Oh, I have a little boat. Come and see."

The man led me a short distance, to a wharf. There, partly hidden, was a craft some ten feet wide and forty feet long.

"It doesn't look like much," I ventured.

"Oh, it's a fine boat!" the seaman replied. "Perhaps it leaks a little; maybe it groans and creaks; but it always gets to its destination."

"But how can you sail? The Japanese have destroyed —"

"We have ways," the man said with a knowing look.

I realized then that I was dealing with a blockade runner, whose business it was to get through the Japanese patrols. It

was a common practice in those days to ride with a blockade runner when travel was imperative, but the traveler did so at his own risk. If I wished to get through the Japanese blockade, this was my only chance to get my medicines to those who needed them. The man finally agreed to take me for \$125, and I sealed the bargain with a ten-dollar bill.

"We sail tonight at high tide," the man whispered.

As soon as darkness came, I boarded the boat. It was manned by a crew of four, and the man who had talked with me was its captain. There were two other passengers. The captain told us we should have to sleep on deck.

"We are crowded below. And besides, there are too many bugs down there. You wouldn't like it," he remarked.

At midnight we pulled away from the wharf and headed out into the open sea. One hour later, Monkey Island came up on our starboard and another boat drew alongside. From it we took on a load of salt. Quietly we slipped away, with an uncomfortable feeling growing steadily in the pit of my stomach. These men were smugglers as well as blockade runners!

It was impossible to sleep, that first night. I slid along the deck with every lurch of the boat. Finally, I sat up and braced myself. The night was pitch black. The wind was blowing strongly, and rain drizzled down. But our boat sailed at a good speed.

It took us five days and nights to make the trip to Yeungkong, hiding by day and traveling only at night. The trip was constantly hazardous. One night was particularly rough.

"Are we on the right course, Mate?" I

**Medicines of every kind were badly needed at my poor Yeungkong mission**

heard the captain call. "I fear the wind may have turned us off a bit. Get the compass and check the direction."

The mate came down the deck, carrying a tiny oil lamp. He found the compass, but it was filled with water and would not work.

The voice of the captain, who was at the helm, rang out anew: "Mate, have a look forward! Is that a mountain we are running into?"

We strained our eyes, peering into the inky blackness as our boat cut swiftly through the heavy seas. I began to regret that I had ever undertaken the trip. The mate put his little lamp down near us and began to shake the water out of the compass. Meanwhile, we continued to plunge forward toward the unknown, as the rain pelted down on the bamboo mats which we held over our heads.

Finally the mate persuaded the compass



to work, and then he called out that we were traveling in the wrong direction. The captain turned the boat around and headed toward his destination once again.

Another night, when I was dozing off, a roaring pain suddenly filled my head. I jumped up — and found that a bug was buzzing in my ear. I awoke the two Chinese passengers, who were sound asleep. (Apparently, they could have slept on a picket fence with delight.)

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" they exclaimed.

"I have a bug in my ear. Can you help me?"

"Oh, is that all?" said one, relieved.

"I thought we were captured," said the other.

Without any more small talk, one of the Chinese picked up the mate's little oil lamp, bent my head over, and poured the oil in my ear. The bug was drowned and floated out. The result was immediate relief. The two Chinese lay back and went to sleep again.

I was a happy man when, after five days, I heard the captain call out that the port was dead ahead.

We pulled up to a wharf near a small village. The villagers came running down

to help unload the boat. When they saw my forty-odd cases, they were volubly happy. My belongings were carried to shore, and the villagers began to "talk price" for carrying the boxes ten miles overland.

The hour was late, and I wanted to get home; besides, the sky was dark and threatening. I was in an awkward position. I would have to pay what the carriers demanded, and quickly, or else the rain would come down and ruin my flour and sugar! The opening price was agreed upon, and we set off.

But I guess the Good Lord wished to try me that day. We had traveled only a few miles, when the sky seemed to open, torrents of rain fell, and men and baggage received a soaking. Thoroughly bedraggled, we reached Yeungkong. The Fathers were on hand to cheer us — or was it the forty cases, fortunately unspoiled, which they welcomed?

Tired and wet, I was glad to be home after the tiring experience. When I visited the rice line and dispensary in the morning and saw the good the priests were able to accomplish for the sick and the starving with my forty boxes, I felt ready, if need should arise, to take the trip again.



## YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

**W**E HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

*Persons sick, 3,172*  
*Persons deceased, 2,840*

*Persons in the services, 1,497*  
*Other special intentions, 3,141*





## Adventure in Rescue

RECENTLY, Father Norbert Verhagen, of Kaukauna, Wisconsin, lay seriously ill of typhoid fever in his mission high in the Mexican Sierra of the Nayarit Indians. Two fellow missionaries, Fathers O'Rourke and Nolan of New York City, responded to his urgent appeal for help, by traveling for a day and a half through the mountains to reach the sick man.

Then they found themselves faced with a serious problem. If Father Verhagen was to recover, he had to be taken to a hospital. But how could that be done? He was too ill to travel over mountains and through canyons, so the problem seemed insolvable.

As the missionaries discussed the matter, Father O'Rourke wished aloud. He wished for an airplane. How this wish was fulfilled by a "miracle" is the subject of the following two stories, told from the viewpoint of each missionary. Together they make a real adventure in rescue.

### I Build the Airfield

by THOMAS P. O'ROURKE

**A**FTER FATHER NOLAN had correctly diagnosed the illness of Father Verhagen as typhoid fever, and after he had departed on a mule ride to the seacoast, to arrange for help, the folks of San Miguel began to talk noisily about airplanes and airports. They were willing, indeed, to help Father Verhagen; but a good share of natural curiosity helped that willingness to take form. Since most of the men were out of town, gathering a late harvest, we were fortunate to get a dozen men to clear the mesa (tableland) on Saturday.

Two crowbars, two field hoes, one pickax, and half-a-dozen large sugar-cane

knives were in the hands of the local volunteers early Saturday morning. After checking Father Verhagen's condition, I joined the men in climbing the hills that surround the town. Age soon yielded to youth on the long journey; and on reaching the mesa, we found that some of the younger men already had set fire to the grass.

The work of hauling rocks was then begun. It was rather easy at first, for the rocks, though numerous, were practically on the surface. Then closer scrutiny revealed clusters of stone that jutted above the level of the field. These proved to be rocks so large that often five or six men were needed to remove them. The resulting cavities were filled with smaller rocks. Work continued throughout the hot noon hours. Only when we had most of the field cleared did we stop for lunch.

As we sat under the shade of some trees, eating our *torillas* and meat, some of my companions began rather paradoxically to talk about such items as the atomic bomb and the coming of anti-Christ. The unfinished work was continued after lunch, and we all returned to town in time for the Rosary. At night, when the local lads came to the rectory, they were still talking of airplanes.

The next day was Sunday, and "Making Straight the Paths of the Lord" was the topic for the sermon. It fitted in for the directions which I outlined later! The men were urged to finish our airfield, and the women were told to bring sheets for making the spot more visible from the air.

#### **Cattle Horn Blows**

SANTOS SANCHEZ, the present head of the town, led the men to the "airport." There white clay, hauled from a near-by hill, was spread in the form of rectangles, one at each end of the field. In the afternoon the women brought the sheets. Father Verhagen began to become travel-conscious, but he was a bit dubious when he saw the cot we had fixed with a small canopy for his trip. However, he was persuaded that there was no other means of carrying him.

At nightfall, it was agreed to send three lads to the field the next morning (Monday), to mark with an arrow of white clay the direction of the wind. They were also to give the place a final check-up, and then to stay there, in order to advise the village of the arrival of the plane by blowing a cattle horn. All other persons were to remain in town, awaiting the signal.

Monday dawned very clear; the sky was undisturbed by clouds. The early hours passed without so much as the hum of an airplane being heard. Noon came — and all I could say to the cook was that it was

a beautiful day for landing a plane. After dinner we had a choir rehearsal, to help us sustain the anxious waiting.

We had sung but a few hymns when Don Ramos came rushing into the church, to tell us that a horn was being blown. We ran to the village plaza and from there could see and hear the bugler. It was pleasant music, but the people were stunned. "This was it!" A plane had landed in San Miguel!

I hurried to Father Verhagen and told him the good news. Like a true rural citizen, he was skeptical. Only when I called in two of the town's leading citizens as witnesses would he believe. Once convinced, he was ready to go to our airfield.

Quickly the cot was arranged, and we began the tortuous climb to the mesa. Every man in town was present, but we were still few in number. Women and children rode burros and mules or walked on foot, to see the plane. This was an historic day for San Miguel — one which will be remembered till time fades away.

#### **Over Steep Ridges**

AT THE first little valley, it was necessary to rearrange the cot somewhat. It had never been made for stretcher purposes, but it served well. We moved over rough footpaths, so narrow and so close to the edge of steep ridges that only two men could carry the cot in safety. Perspiration soaked the shirts of the bearers, but the cot kept moving. Only once was it stopped, and that was because Father Verhagen was suffering considerably.

The lads who had been on the field when the plane arrived, came down to meet us and told all the details to those who would listen. I was glad to hear them, for hitherto I had feared that, since no one in town had actually seen the plane,

there might not be a plane on the field, and I was imagining how serious any disappointment could be for Father Verhagen.

After about two hours of climbing, I saw a slim green plane, resting near the center of the field. Father Verhagen's view was blinded by the canopy of the cot. He asked weakly, "Is the plane here?"

I told him to sit up, and I pointed down

the field. "There it is, Father Norbert!"

Yes, there it was, a minor miracle, effected through the efforts of Father Nolan and the willing people of San Miguel, and the co-operation of a skillful pilot. A miracle of health for Father Verhagen, for it meant for him a quicker and better recovery — and a rapid return to his mountain mission.

## I Bring the Airplane

by JOHN G. NOLAN

"**D**IRECTION 360 degrees." That was what Josue wrote on his chart just before we climbed into the plane, but to me it meant nothing more than due north. A few minutes later, we were high above Tepic, Mexico, passing over the twin-towered cathedral and heading north.

Below us, to the right, I could see the long, narrow, twisting road that Maryknollers have used so often in making trips to and from the mountains. Such a trip always had meant a rough ride on a bouncing mule for some five days. But in the plane there wasn't a bump to be felt, and much of the broken, mountainous terrain could be seen at a glance.

To the left and farther ahead, barely visible, was another road, over which I had traveled two days previously — by mule, of course — in the opposite direction. The contrast between the two modes of travel was so great that it was difficult to keep my mind on the purpose of my errand.

For the mule-back trip, I had bidden "Adios!" to Father O'Rourke at two o'clock in the afternoon. My mule had proved unwilling, but my guide was very co-operative. Five hours later, we had

stopped to feed and rest the animals and be equally generous with ourselves. After two hours' rest under a beautiful moon, we were again in the saddle, until we bounced into Ruiz at half past seven the next morning. After a telephone call to Father Hugh Craig, our superior, I had purchased medicines in Tepic to be sent to San Miguel with the guide.

At our central house that night, the news had been far from encouraging. Father Craig had been told that no available plane could land in less than a thousand yards — and our mountain strip was only 320! A few hours later, the figure was reduced to seven hundred yards; but our 320 yards were still insufficient.

However, through the tireless efforts of Father Guillermo Garcia, our "spiritual uncle" in Tepic, a Piper training plane (two-seater) was sent to us within forty-eight hours. Josue Vasquez was the pilot at the controls. Though San Miguel was not on his map, he was unconcerned and was completely satisfied with the few facts I could give him. He said that he would try to land on the strip; if it should prove too small, he would keep up speed and take right off again. So, we started on our errand. "Direction 360 degrees."

As we crossed the Santiago River and cleared The Pinnacles, I became afraid, not of landing, but of ever finding our

little field! Mountains, peaks, and canyons — those were all I could see. I looked and looked, straining to find San Miguel, but in vain. Occasionally we would see a small ranch, too microscopic to serve as a landmark. Finally I gave up looking for the village, and began a direct search for our "airfield."

That is what I should have done in the first place, because Father O'Rourke had promised to have it marked plainly. After another minute of flight, I saw the welcome markings and thanked God and Father O'Rourke. There were two long, parallel lines of sheets, with white rectangles at either end! It was impossible not to see them.

Josue circled the strip once to examine it, and then came in for the landing. Closer and closer we flew. Then there was the first slight bounce, followed by the rumble of wheels over rough ground. The white sheets flew by so quickly that there wasn't time to count them. Suddenly the brakes were applied — and we stopped, sixteen yards from a group of trees. I don't know what I said to Josue then; whatever it was, it expressed the compliment of incredulity.

The young men whom Father O'Rourke wisely had posted in the field, ran to get their first close-up of an airplane. However, they had to satisfy their curiosity

later, for they were put right to work. Some were sent down to San Miguel, to help carry Father Norbert on the cot; others were set to enlarging the field a bit, in preparation for the take-off.

That done, Josue and I sat down in the shade to await the arrival of Father Norbert. As time passed, more and more of the villagers arrived to gaze at the wonder of wonders. Despite these distractions, Josue found sufficient time to convert me from the mule to the plane.

This pilot's arguments were logical and convincing. He pointed out that the trip we had made in twenty minutes by plane would require three and one-half days by mule. The gasoline we had used for the trip cost far less than the corn we should have needed for a mule. His final argument was the best: he pointed to Father Norbert, weak and feverish, being carried to the airplane, on his way to a hospital and proper medical care.

As the plane sped down the runway and then soared gracefully into the air, I wondered when some air-minded friend of the missions would provide us with a similar one, so that later, on trips less urgent but equally merciful, we might take off with the chart reading, "Direction 360 degrees," and our destination only twenty minutes away, instead of three days.

### **Wanted: Books of Merit**

**W**E ARE planning to develop our Seminary library, which we hope will become outstanding as a center of mission lore. This does not mean that we want only mission books. We need books for our high-school library in Brookline and for the libraries of our other training houses.

Recently a school teacher presented us with a valuable collection of books on education. An Army major sent a crate of books on business administration. A pastor gave us his theological library. Can you join the parade? Please write to:

REVEREND LIBRARIAN, MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK



Whistle stops in Wisconsin are cathedrals for Father Keegan's railroaders

## Trackside Padre

**"W**HEN the faithful can't come to the Church, then the Church goes to the faithful." With these few words, Father Gregory Keegan describes his work among the Mexican railroad workers in our own Midwest.

In order to keep the American railroads operating during wartime, and later in the reconversion period, thousands of Mexican laborers were brought to the United States to help ease the shortage of manpower. The workers were barracked along the railroad right of way, and they labored seven days a week. The Mexicans were happy in this country but they missed their Church and the Mass.

When the railroad employers heard of these spiritual needs and desires, Bishop Alexander McGavick, of La Crosse, Wis-

consin, was immediately approached. Not having a priest available who could speak Spanish, Bishop McGavick wrote to Maryknoll for help. Father Gregory J. Keegan, Maryknoller formerly stationed in Mexico, was assigned.

Father Keegan's parish extended along the path of the railroad. At different points each Sunday, he would gather the workers, offer Mass, and give the laborers a talk in Spanish. His work had good effects, and not on the imported laborers only.

One American railroad man said: "I'm proud to belong to a Church that is so interested in its people. I've learned a lot from these Mexican workers, too. The faith and devotion they show each Sunday at Mass have made me appreciate my own opportunities more."

# MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



## Withersoever Thou Goest

**A**LL OVER THE LAND, in the month of June, the priesthood of Christ is renewed and perpetuated. It is then that the training period in our seminaries normally concludes with unforgettable ordination days, as the chosen ones receive their commissions in the army of God. New powers are in their hands, new life is in the Church, and new hope dawns for the waiting souls who will profit by their ministry. That ministry will not always be sensibly illuminated by the unearthly light of ordination day. Those who undertake to perform it are setting out to follow Christ, and they know that He walks no easy road.

There will be dark days. There will be uphill struggles. There will be lost causes. And hardest of all to bear, there will be unfeeling and ungrateful souls who will reject the new priests' help, neutralize their ministry, make them wonder if God's sacrifice and theirs are to prove of no avail. But they know whom they have believed. They know the success He brings out of failure. And they will learn to know something about His people. Those people are very human. They are not easy to help. They are not thirsting for light. They are not asking to be extricated from the mire. But they need Christ in the very degree in which they ignore Him; and with all their feelings and perversities thick upon them, they are still the members of His body. They are as worth working for

on the last day of the priesthood as on the first; they remain the only thing in the world worth saving; they are men.

## Time and Tide

**I**N THE great mission areas, there are certain unusual factors contributing to special mission opportunity in almost every case. China is starting to put its house in order. It embarks on its new program with a definite persuasion that Catholic mission effort can contribute greatly to its success. This belief its leaders have stated categorically on more than one occasion. That the general population of China shares this sentiment in good degree can hardly be doubted in view of the gratitude and recognition accorded the missionaries of China for the humanitarian and moral support they furnished the nation throughout the war. Manchuria should reflect the same improved outlook as it returns to the fold of Chinese civilization and culture, where it belongs.

Korea is entering upon a new era, and we trust it will be one of complete self-government and independence. But the country is still conscious of the need of constructive help from outside sources, and for this it looks first to the missionaries of the Church, who were its best friends in its worst years. In Japan the miracle seems to have occurred that the missionaries in that country long predicted — a miracle by which a great national humili-



liation has at last opened the minds and hearts of the people. Whether by some quirk of Oriental psychology, or by the direct intervention of God, here is an entire nation suddenly clamoring for a whole new philosophy of life. The only true one is ready and waiting for them — the religion of Christ.

India is seething with agitation, and nobody knows where this will lead or how it will end; but it is apparent that the storied land is about to embark upon a road leading somewhere, and that the direction taken will determine the future of the Indian people for a long time to come. Whether this means more and better mission work for India, or harder and more sacrificial work, we do not know; but we think it is a good time for the missionaries of the Church to be there in good numbers, and in much charitable zeal, to contest the issue. Africa has long been so promising a field, and so fruitful in results, that it needs scarcely any improvement except an increase of workers and means to reap the harvest.

One might make a litany of almost all the countries in the Far East, and add the islands of the sea, as examples of new and better opportunity. For the people of those regions have suffered so much distress and disillusionment that they are disposed to give a fair field — indeed, a hearty welcome — to any well-founded promise of a decent life that can be intelligently presented to them. "And they shall build the places that have been waste from of old, and shall raise up ancient ruins, and

shall repair the desolate cities, that were destroyed for generation and generation" (*Isaiah LXI: 4*).

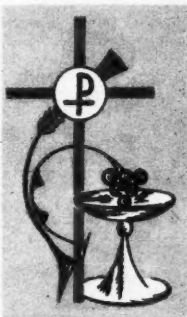
## The Black Pit

BECAUSE the world needs the Church, the Church needs religious vocations. This is a period of apostolic opportunities —

many of them unusual, all of them important, and some of them unique. The world we live in has had the most violent shaking up in all its history. The cataclysm wrecked enormous areas of the earth's surface. It paralyzed many whole countries. It reduced vast hordes of people to misery and desperation. In doing so, it obliterated old traditions, shattered old philosophies, broke old ties. It left behind it a global condition of disillusionment

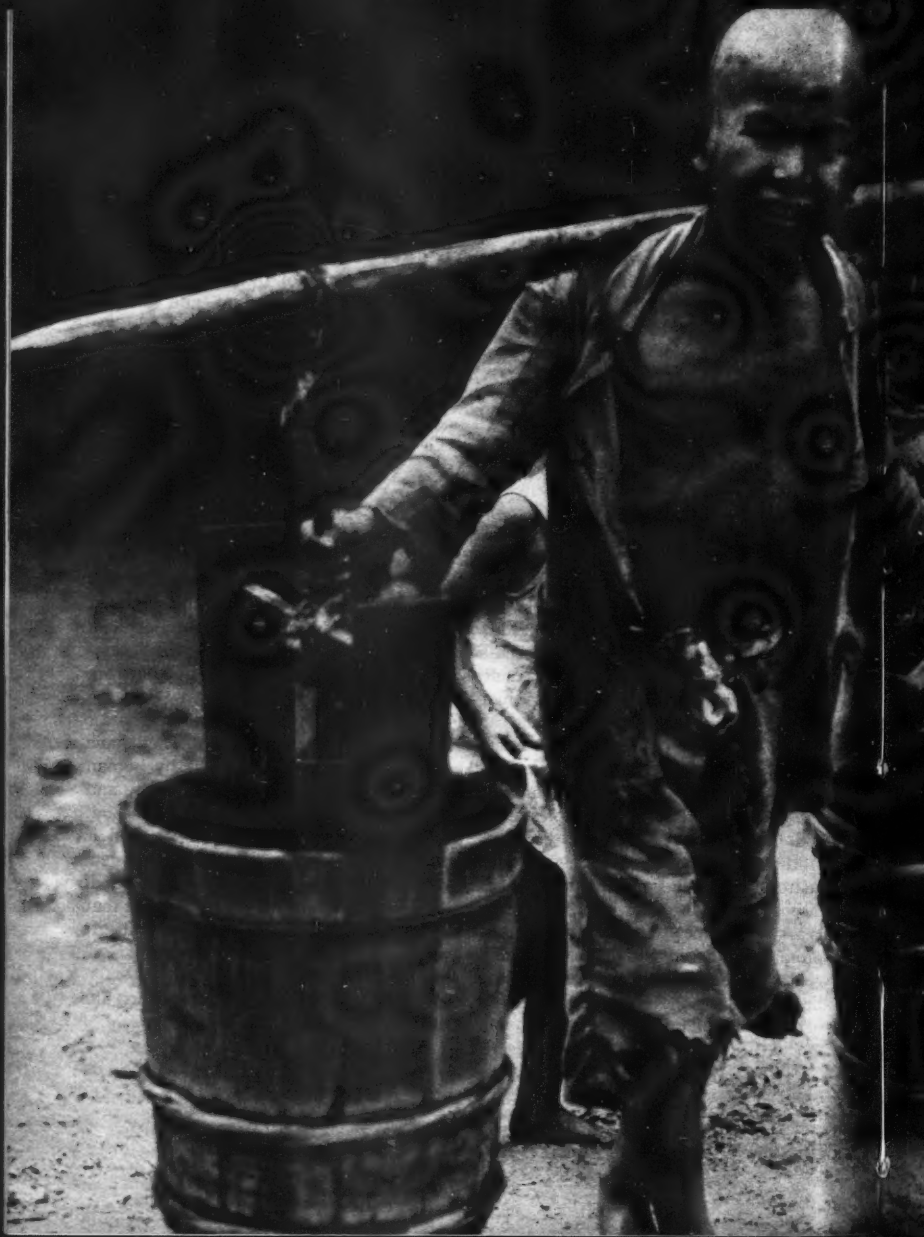
and discontent. The universal misery is a call to charity; the widespread disillusionment is a call to mission zeal; and both are a call to God. We face now a transition period. People will grope and search for a way out of the darkness. They have failed so miserably to find it by human devices that they are not potentially and dispositionally ready to find it in God. They are consciously anxious to find it somewhere. What will be the new direction? Decisions affecting the future of humanity are in the making, and that crisis constitutes a mission opportunity. It is a good time to present the claims of God.

**June** — dedicated to *The Sacred Heart* and devotion to the *Most Blessed Sacrament*.



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD







**IN CHINA,** children as well as grownups share in the labors of revitalizing national life. Missioners, whose devotion to the people was proved during the war, are rehabilitating many. The Church is looked to for guidance.



In Japan, the newsboy doesn't wish to be "president"

## Democracy in Japan

by EVERETT F. BRIGGS

**W**HAT ARE THE PROSPECTS of democracy in present-day Japan? Is there any likelihood that the Japanese, once indoctrinated with the principles of popular government, will espouse with genuine enthusiasm the ideals of democracy? And is there reason to believe that this Oriental people, whose civilization is so different from ours, will grow in the democratic tradition, and attain in due time to the stature of a true democracy? These are pertinent questions at the present moment.

One may contend that all people naturally are enamored of the liberties which we enjoy under our democratic system of government. When I first went to Japan, in 1933, I, too, used to think so. It was not long, however, before the realization came

to me that Oriental psychology and our own Western attitude of mind are poles apart. During my residence in Japan, I learned on not a few occasions that, outside of officialdom, most Japanese feel more at ease in carrying out orders than in giving them. Here in our country, every newsboy aspires to be President; over there, in Japan, every newsboy simply wishes to be let alone to sell his papers.

I believe that it is a mistake to think that democracy possesses an immediate and overpowering appeal to nations which have lived for centuries under a totally different form of government. Many people



Fr. Briggs, M.M.

are reasonably satisfied with their own authoritarian systems, so long as those systems are not despotic. If they are to accept our tradition to the rejection of their own, democracy must, first of all, insinuate itself into their consciousness. It must be imported into their practical experience. Thereafter, it may or may not be naturalized in their everyday lives; this will depend upon a variety of factors, not the least of which is national aptitude.

### **Lack Receptivity**

UNLESS people have this elementary aptitude for democracy—that is to say, unless they are at least vaguely democratic-minded—in vain shall we seek to impose on them our governmental system. Despite the fact that the nations of Europe have been exposed to democratic ideals for centuries, not a few of them today are only faint images of democracies. Obviously, those people lack a national receptivity for democracy, which one day they probably will acquire. If this is true of Europe, we should not be surprised to find a similar lack of appreciation of democracy in the case of Japan.

I do not mean to imply, however, that the Japanese people never have evinced any aptitude for democratic processes. On the contrary, they have shown, in certain crises of their national existence, at least an elementary appreciation of popular liberties, although it is difficult to find much evidence of this in their early history.

During those centuries of isolation, before Japan made her appearance on the stage of Western civilization, there were many factors in the national life of the Japanese that tended to stifle any tendency toward liberalism. The whole national organization was autocratic: from an absolute monarch at the top of the

social hierarchy, all the way down through the serried ranks of officialdom.

Under the usurping shoguns, especially under the militarists of the Tokugawa line, the national life of Japan was even more circumscribed. Indeed, the Tokugawa shoguns centralized and systematized Japan so thoroughly that the highest civil officials of government were simply cogs in a great wheel powered by a single hand.

Even the samurai class (highest in the Japanese social hierarchy) was no exception. The soldier, like the peasant, was relatively a nonentity, as far as personal values were concerned. According to *Bushido*, the "Warrior's Code," the paramount duty of the feudal retainer was to serve his liege lord with the utmost fidelity, and his highest privilege was to die for his lord if need be. Earlier in Japanese history, the Law of Junshi compelled the nearest associates of the Emperor to follow him in death.

While Japan's ancient history is a monument to autocracy, her modern history, surprisingly enough, has augured comparatively well for the gradual development of democratic liberties, if we except the period of military dictatorship through which Japan recently passed.

### **Slow Change**

AFTER the American, Commodore Perry, had opened Japan to the outside world, that country embarked upon an era of democratic reform, from which no department of her national life was immune. This evolution, of course, was painfully slow. The Japanese, first of all, had to learn to respect the liberties of other people before they could proceed with the democratization of their own country. This was not an easy task, inasmuch as the Japanese Government found itself in the embarrassing position of having to concede to

foreigners rights and privileges denied to its own nationals.

The Western Powers, by insisting on guarantees of personal freedom in the treaties which they made with New Japan, focused the attention of the Japanese people on the whole problem of human rights. The Japanese Government complained that these early treaties were unequal — as they undoubtedly were in some respects — and sued for revision. This agitation assumed definite shape shortly after the overthrow of feudalism and the restoration of the Emperor to *de facto* sovereignty. In January, 1868, an impartial ordinance proclaimed Japan's wish to cement amicable relations with the Western Powers.

This ordinance contained the following significant statement, indicative of the liberal temper of New Japan: "Public deliberation will decide which parts of the treaties... are not in the interests of the nation." The words, "public deliberation," indicate that the germ of democracy was already at work in the body politic of Japan.

The Japanese Government then proposed to send an imposing embassy to the capitals of the world, in order to study the prevailing legal systems. Prince Iwakura, after whom the mission was named, was

assisted by four associate ambassadors. Three of these were outstanding liberals: Kido, Okubo, and Ito.

Iwakura himself was conspicuous as one of the foremost liberal leaders of modern Japan. A close second was Kido, who has been styled the "pen" of the revolution



Children of a Maryknoll mission in Japan

against the Tokugawa regime. Kido, more than any other figure except, perhaps, Iwakura, must be credited with having engineered the overthrow of feudalism in Japan. Okubo, the "brain" of the same revolution, was a wholehearted advocate of amicable international relations. In Okubo's eyes, foreigners always were potential friends of New Japan. Finally, there was Ito, who, though less liberal than his fellows, had occupied himself with plans for a government on the Western model, even before the restoration of the Emperor. When the Iwakura Mission arrived in San Francisco (January 15, 1872), Ito delivered an impassioned ad-

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Father Everett F. Briggs, of Allston, Mass., is a veteran missionary from Japan. He returned to this country after Pearl Harbor, and taught Japanese to Naval V-12 students at Holy Cross College. He was a representative of the Bishops' War Relief Services for the Japanese.

dress, in which he said, quoting in part:

"Today it is the earnest wish both of our Government and of the people, to strive for the heights of civilization enjoyed by more enlightened countries. . . . Although our improvement has been rapid in material civilization, the mental improvement of our people has been far greater. . . . While held in absolute obedience by despotic sovereigns, our people knew no freedom, no liberty of thought. With our material improvement, they have learned to understand their rightful privileges, which for ages had been denied them."

Upon the return of the Iwakura Mission to Japan, Kido dedicated himself, heart and soul, to the adoption of a truly democratic constitution. Unfortunately, he did not survive long enough to behold the fruition of his ideals.

Since Kido's day, Japan has never lacked inheritors of his democratic spirit. Even during the years of dictatorship which followed the so-called "Manchurian Incident" of 1931, intrepid liberals voiced their open opposition to the usurpations of the military. Ozaki, Saionji, Hamaguchi, Shidehara, Makino, Takahashi, Minobe, Saito, Ikki, Hamada, Ugaki, and a host of others, are only a few names on the liberal roster of New Japan.

Surely, the epic struggle of men like these, who refused to allow the mad-dog tactics of reactionaries to deter them from the democratization of their country, leads one to conclude that the mustard seed of democracy probably can grow into a mighty tree of personal and popular liberty, even in a country that knew no form of government save sheer autocracy during two thousand years and more. Let us remember, however, that no nation can lose its national character and acquire another, overnight.

# CHUNGKING LISTENING POST

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THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

## It's Good to Be Back

by SISTER MARY CORNELIA



Words of welcome exploded about us

"**H**OME AGAIN, home again, jiggydy jog!" The words of that nursery rhyme just rolled off our lips as we untangled ourselves from the baggage-laden jeep which bounced us back to Kweilin. It was so good to be back! We must admit, however, that our year-and-a-half stay in Kunming was rich in missionary activity and gave us many contacts with Christians there.

The news of our arrival in Kweilin penetrated the city and brought well-wishers to our newly constructed, white-stucco convent even before we could sweep the shavings from the parlor floor. In this, Sister Antonia Maria heard opportunity

give its familiar knock; and before anyone realized what was happening, she turned the would-be guests into a typical Maryknoll cleaning squad.

We all had fun settling the house and examining our ultramodern fixtures. The most intriguing of these is the kitchen-stove. This unique apparatus is a conglomeration of bricks, mud, and a tin drum which serves as the oven. Much to the cook's chagrin, an inquiry into its past history reveals that its earlier years had been spent as an oil container. This explains its partiality for blackening the utensils.

We had supper and then went to the chapel. It is a tiny, temporary structure, normally about ten minutes' walk from the convent. At present more time is required for the little trip, because we have to climb over the dirt and rubble which are still strewn over the compound. After reciting our Rosary and evening prayers, we took a circuitous route home, so that we could get a more complete view of the war damages.

Our Catholic friends ran to greet us. Non-Christians, who had been mere acquaintances before the evacuation, were profuse in words of welcome. Everywhere we met exclamations of delight. Each one was eager to tell us of recent experiences and to hear about our stay in Kunming. Here and there, new bamboo houses had already sprung up. This first view of the situation convinced us that Kweilin will be as good as new in record time.

Bright and early the next morning, callers began to arrive at the convent. A number of local women came for medicine.



Two others asked to have their eyes treated. Numerous students came, asking for English lessons. Others came to chat. One non-Christian wished to tell us about her separation from her husband and daughter during the evacuation. Some youngsters came to play. A dying infant was brought for baptism. All in all, we had a busy day.

Our work is progressing most encouragingly at present. We have an informal dispensary in our parlor. Unfortunately, the medicine supply is meager, and the number of transient refugees is great; so we had to make the rule that we would treat only local folks. The parlor itself looks lovely, now that our one-and-only table has been joined by a bench.

Many people coming to the dispensary for medicine inquire about various points of dogma. Some never progress beyond that point, but many do. The bulk of our present catechumenate is composed of people contacted in this way; several of the non-Christian women who welcomed us upon our return are in that group.

Since we attend Mass in the parish chapel, we serve as models of rubrics for the congregation. Two young boys, who invariably plod in when the Holy Sacrifice is well under way, succeed nobly in making the Sign of the Cross every time we do, but

kneeling erect proves quite a problem for them. Every now and then, they squat back on their heels—only to jerk up stiffly as soon as their eyes light upon us.

These youngsters are a sharp contrast to the demure sons of the "Shanghai Lady." The sons—Francis, aged eight, and James, aged ten—kneel at the back of the chapel, on either side of their devout mother. They always clasp rosaries in their hands.

To the people of Kweilin, this mother is the personification of the valiant woman described in the Bible. Before the evacuation, she lived with her husband and six children, in the most comfortable circumstances. But during the hazardous war days, the father and three of the children died. In order to give the other youngsters a good education, the widow discharged her servants, closed her beautiful home, and went to work as washerwoman for the mission priests.

Throughout the whole time, this good woman's faith has remained unshaken. Her daily attendance at Mass with her children is a real source of inspiration, and it has had a good effect on some of her lax neighbors.

After Mass, the youngsters come over to our yard to play ball. When their surplus energy has been burned up, we settle them around the doorstep and conduct a catechism class. We have three little lads who can't learn enough; they stop at the convent several times a week for additional lessons. I asked them why they were so anxious to know their doctrine, and was pleasantly surprised to receive the answer: they wish to receive their first Holy

**Chinese lads here are eager to learn everything**



Communion as soon as possible. The latest addition to our Sunday class is a group of non-Christian children, who seem to enjoy it thoroughly and who even volunteer some answers.

Although there are five UNRRA-conducted hospitals in the city, they can't cope with the almost-incredible number of patients who call each day. The doctors have been very kind to us. To show his appreciation for the work Sister Antonia Maria, M.D., does in our dispensary, one of the doctors invited Sister to call at the hospital for some supplies. She found the whole staff most gracious, and eager to hear the American interpretation of various medical matters.

The three Chinese nurses found Sister an object of curiosity. Like the apostles, they asked, "Where do you live?" And like the Master, Sister replied, "Come and see." The nurses did; now they are familiar callers at the convent.

Frequently, we are summoned to visit the sick in their own homes or in one of the numerous refugee camps. Such expeditions are often marked by a touch of the unexpected. During Mass one morning, a servant rushed in to ask Sister Antonia Maria to go to the home of the Military Governor. His infant son was quite sick. The servant escorted Sister, the whole household was put at her service, and the

family's private ricksha was used to bring her back to the convent.

That same afternoon saw us off to a refugee camp, by "shoe-leather express." On the way, a thin little Chinese lad with his shoe-shine kit swinging from his shoulder came up to us and, in English, asked, "Shine, ladies?" Our laughing inquiry received the quick reply, "American M.P. Charlie taught me."

At the refugee camp, we picked our way among the huge, open-air rooms where all the people live, cook, eat, and sleep together. The object of our quest was a young Catholic girl. She told us about other Catholics in the vicinity, and we visited them, too.

Whenever we enter the post office, all other business stops, and everyone rushes over to marvel while we mail a letter "all the way" to the States. Similar excitement is aroused when we receive a letter from the States, but on those occasions we are more eager than the onlookers.

We are thrilled to hear how well our missions are progressing in Latin America, in Hawaii, and in other parts of the Far East. The mission diaries from those places provide us with many tales to tell our doctrine classes. The youngsters just drink the stories in, and they take particular delight in imitating customs of other parts of the world.

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MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$ \_\_\_\_\_, to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

As long as possible, I will send \$ \_\_\_\_\_ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.



The prayer and hand of a priest channel the warm grace of God into the hearts of poor, simple Indians living atop the high, cold Andes of Peru. Father Joseph P. Meaney, of Arlington, Massachusetts, is pastor of Ayapata.



## Nothing Will Stop Him

by JOSEPH R. ENGLISH

**K**NUTE ROCKNE, the great football coach of Notre Dame, was giving one of his famous between-the-half pep talks to his Fighting Irish. His team was three touchdowns behind.

He barked away: "When the going gets tough, that's when we like it best!"

It was the game of the year. The plays weren't clicking; his boys were discouraged and nervous. They needed co-ordination, not individual playing.

Rockne continued: "We don't want stars out there; we want teamwork! This is our toughest game. This other team is big and powerful. They're IN the game. Go out there and show them you can

take it — show them that you are Notre Dame!"

Let us — you and me — call time out for a moment. We're playing a game, too, a very important game, the Game of Life. Everyone is out to win, to save his eternal soul and to help save other souls. For us, too, teamwork is necessary! Are we really in the game, hitting hard, working with one another? Or are we sitting by — cheering, perhaps, but selfishly letting the others "carry the ball"?

What good will it do anyone if he makes "All-American" every year or is the smartest student in school — if he loses his soul? There's one thing in life we have

to do: save our souls. And the easiest way to do that is to save others!

Missioners are priests who devote their entire lives to saving souls. One of their first difficulties is that of leaving the folks at home. But didn't Our Lord say, "Go, teach all nations"? Someone has to go — and the American boy, with a prayer in his heart, smiles as he accepts the challenge.

Often, as the missionary struggles to carry on his apostolic work, "the going gets tough"; it seems to be all uphill. Although at times he is footsore, hungry, tired, the missionary keeps his chin up. Alone, he could never carry on. But God is on his side — so what is there to fear? He gains confidence as he reflects that God is always present, sees every act, hears every word.

The missionary knows he is ordained to the holy priesthood for the sake of his people, to save their souls, to give greater glory to God. He plods along, because he is an "athlete of Christ." Often it's tough going — but that's when he likes it best.

Desperately in need of help, he prays to the Blessed Mother, patroness of missionaries. Fingering his rosary, he trudges on, happy in the assurance that he is about his Father's business.

No, nothing will stop the missionary! Not even storms, mountains, jungles. Rockne was right. "When the going gets tough, that's when we like it best!"

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MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Send me, without obligation, monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest \_\_\_\_\_ Brother \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_

## Three-Minute Meditation

*"Launch out into the deep . . ."*

— Luke V: 4

**A**BOUT two thousand years ago, a seemingly insignificant little group of men, whose Leader had been crucified only a few decades earlier in Jerusalem, were confronted with tremendous problems. They were hunted down as criminals, as traitors to the state. Yet nothing stopped them. They were out to win the world.

They remembered the ringing words of their Master, who had told them to go to the *whole* world, to *all* men. When they felt timid, they remembered that He had earnestly bid them to be daring for His sake. "Launch out into the deep," He had urged. And they achieved results.

If this handful of men and women, with every possible human handicap and obstacle in their way, could start from hidden caverns, and make such astounding progress as bearers of Christ, eventually bringing about changes for the better in a civilization even more rotten and brutal than ours, is there any excuse today, for those of us who reverence truth and wish to see it promoted, to feel discouraged?

If we would work at the job half as hard as the first Christians did — if we, too, would become Christ bearers, "Christophers" — we should be able to restore truth to an unbalanced world, and, through truth, freedom. For "the truth shall make you free."

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.

## MEN OF MARYKNOLL



**Sewing-Machine Man:** — I'd like to give a medal to a certain American sewing-machine company! Practically every jungle hut, no matter how isolated, has its sewing machine. Every year, without fail, an agent makes his weary rounds as faithfully as a missionary. The people here spend their meager life savings to purchase even a secondhand model, because they know that it will be serviced, no matter how deep in the jungle the owner lives. The sewing-machine company can give us a valuable lesson. Priceless souls are in the jungle — should we be less zealous to give service to them all?

— *Father Joseph A. Hahn,  
of Woodhaven, New York,  
and Cobija, Bolivia*

**Village Clean-up:** — Eighty per cent of the men are tapping rubber seventy miles away, deep in the jungle. But with the remaining handful of old and infirm, we are trying to improve the village. The church has been cleaned and polished, and even given a new coat of "Cavinas" paint. This is brightly colored mud from our beautiful arroyo, mixed with lemon juice and flour. The community store and various houses have suffered similar indignity, but they all look the better for it.

— *Father Gorden N. Fritz,  
of Newport, Minnesota,  
and Cavinas, Bolivia*

**Bird's-eye View:** — A small scout plane flew me to my mission. The trip took us exactly one hour and five minutes by air. When we evacuated slightly in advance of the Japanese, a year ago, we covered the same distance by foot in nine days. The flight proved to me once again the great value of the airplane in our mission work.

Flying low and circling Tanchuk and Pingnam, I had a bird's-eye picture of what many a Maryknoll missionary's town looks like, and a very dismal sight it is. For great stretches, nothing remains but masses of rubble and naked walls. Bombed and burned out, living amidst ruins, our Chinese people have come to know war in all its horror.

— *Father Stephen B. Edmonds,  
of Cambridge, Massachusetts,  
and Paksha, South China*

**For Blessings Rendered:** — One of the citizens of our town won the national lottery last week. His prize money came to almost \$20,000. We first heard of his good fortune when the winner came in to ask for a Solemn Mass with a special choir, for the first day of the Forty Hours devotions. He said that Our Lady of the Morning Star had been very good to him, and he wished to pay her back.

— *Father Vincent P. Mallon,  
of Brooklyn, New York,  
and Central America*



# Sleepy Palenque

by FRANCIS X. LYONS

ORDINARILY, the town of Palenque sleeps all day, in the hot sun of Ecuador, and dies each night at seven.

Chickens scratch and cluck in the dirt plaza in front of the ramshackle church, and a litter of pigs, in a burst of futile energy, scramble after a battered buzzard. The buzzard lifts himself heavily onto a bamboo roof, and watches an exhausted truck lumber up the winding road from the river, twist along the dusty street by the church, and rumble off to the east.

The cloud of dust from the truck rises slowly in a yellow mass, finds the rusty screens and the cracks in the bamboo walls, and seeps into the three-room rectory beside the bell tower. A shaggy goat staggers to its feet on the walk in front of the church, butts its head tentatively against the big wooden doors, thinks better of the attempt, and drops down into the shade once again. Across the plaza a violin scrapes through a bar of plaintive music, and dies of its own sadness.

## Bestirs Itself

BUT once a year, on the Feast of Saint Nicholas and during the ten days preceding the feast, Palenque bestirs itself. Then it shakes the slumber from its eyes, washes its face, puts on clean, white-duck trousers, and gives a small-town imitation of Times Square on New Year's Eve. The townspeople busy themselves with the baking of the traditional hard-shelled rolls, and the shopkeepers sweep the accumulated dust out of their stores and knock the cobwebs off the bottles of Puro, the native drink. The *campesinos*, or boys from the country, dress up in their Sunday best,

and ride into town on their hardy little horses. The night becomes riotous with their singing and shouting.

The professional merchants who follow the *fiestas* from town to town, arrive in the same trucks that, but a few days before, scornfully threw their dust in Palenque's face as they passed on to the bigger towns. Then there is the loud banging of hammer on nail as these merchants throw up shaky bamboo booths all around the plaza, and prepare to hawk their wares. The pretty, dark-skinned girls in their light summer dresses pick over the bolts of colored goods and the Woolworth diamonds, and giggle boldly at the near-by young men.

The dark coolness of the church becomes a tower of Babel, as Father Wynne (from Brooklyn, New York), who is the pastor of Palenque, struggles to breast the tide of squalling babies and perspiring sponsors. For many hours each day, the American Padre silently deplores the practice of his parishioners, who wait until the *fiesta* week to have the year's bumper crop baptized.

In the evening, the church is packed until the bamboo walls bulge. The two cracked gasoline lamps splutter and wheeze in an effort to fight off the tropical darkness. The uneven chant of the Rosary vies with the gay laughter and cries of the less devout, who are standing around the gaily decorated booths in the plaza.

The village band, a nondescript aggregation of amateur enthusiasts and battered instruments, knows its duty and does it. The band members — a naive group of happy souls — having waited a solid year for an opportunity to show off

their talents to the country people, prop themselves against the church wall and blast away. This year they have an arrangement of "Dolores"—which they play three times at four-thirty in the morning, to awaken the villagers, and three times at noon and six o'clock, as a *fiesta* substitute for the *Angelus*. On special occasions, such as in the middle of a sermon or during the Mass, when something really stirring is required, they render a battle version of "Anchors Aweigh."

Everyone has a good time during the *fiesta*. The celebration is somewhat like that of a farming community when it goes

**A merchant brings 250 pounds to *fiesta***



to town on Saturday. But no one enjoys the *fiesta* more than Saint Nicholas does, because *fiesta* week is the time when that jolly old Bishop has his annual chat with his very good friend, Saint Lawrence. The latter is the patron of the neighboring town, and Saint Nicholas always invites him to Palenque for the *fiesta*.

### **Friends in Plaster**

ON the day before his feast, Saint Nicholas is taken out of his usual niche in the church and brushed off. Then he is placed on a wooden platform and carried around the town in solemn procession, to the tune of "Dolores." Finally, the procession heads for the river, and Saint Nicholas eagerly scans the waters in the direction of the neighboring town. He does not have to wait long, for very shortly a launch heaves into sight—and there in the bow is Saint Lawrence, in his deacon's robes and carrying the gilded gridiron, symbol of his tortured death.

The launch draws up to the bank. Saint Nicholas is made to bow very solemnly, three times, to his guest, who returns the salute. The two plaster gentlemen then proceed, side by side, to the church. There, to the tune of "Anchors Aweigh," they are placed facing each other, just inside the doorway. During the day, with patriarchal calm, these saintly dignitaries watch the pastor baptize; and undoubtedly they spend the quiet hours of the night conversing on things spiritual. The following day, Saint Nicholas conducts his guest back to the launch and, after the usual ceremonious bows, bids him Godspeed.

With the departure of Saint Lawrence, the merchants begin to dismantle their booths. The country people straggle back to the hinterlands for another year, and the people of the town seek their hammocks. Once more Palenque sleeps.



## Chapels in China

**T**O KEEP his widely scattered villages progressing in the Faith, the missionary must divide his time between them all and use his actual mission only as a central headquarters. Most of the time, his presence is needed in some village that is part of a distant rural landscape, where a little chapel made of mud brick and thatched roof is topped with the cross that is the sign of Christ.

The missionary knows from experience what that little chapel means. He knows its value to the people who go to it when Mass is said, and to the pagans who look on and wonder at the panorama of Catholic ceremonies and sacraments. Even when the missionary isn't there, the chapel still remains a house of God, simple and unadorned. The villagers gather in it for

morning and night prayers, and kneel under its roof at noonday for the Angelus.

In all Maryknoll missions, such chapels are needed. In the Orient, the war brought many refugees to the mission gates for help. Today those people are learning the Faith and taking the missionary into newer villages where chapels have never stood. Chapels mean greater attendance, more communicants, more spiritual fruits. Our missionaries keep telling us of these needs.

Can anything be done about them? We're trying to do our best. Chapels damaged in the war cost \$1,000 each to be repaired. New chapels cost \$5,000 to complete. A chapel makes a fitting memorial. Write to:

The Maryknoll Fathers,  
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

## **Knoll Photos**

The path of the seminarians  
leads to mission fields afar





**Maryknoll seminarians (above) built a radio transmitter to prepare for Government license test. Radio will be a great help when the future missionaries (below) reach their field of labor, now only a dot on the globe.**





Father Joseph A. Hahn, of Woodhaven, N. Y., has ideas for mission airplanes

## Ticket to Heaven

by JOSEPH A. HAHN

**I** HAVE BORROWED a broken-down typewriter to beat out a few words about my first mission impressions. As I am a tyro, everything is fresh and arresting to me.

Bolivia is a large country. It is big enough to hold sixty-five states the size of Massachusetts — yet it is divided into only nine states. One of these is called "the Pando" and is entirely in the care of Maryknoll. Another, "the Beni," is in great part in our care. Thus Maryknoll-in-Bolivia has a territory larger than the State of California, or — to return to our original analogy — about seven times as large as the State of Massachusetts.

These lines are being written in the city of Cobija. I must call this a city because it is the capital of the Pando, but its total population is no more than 2,000 souls. Despite the fact that the church is the city's only building without a grass roof,

Cobija is full of officials, and it has a band.

In its own way, the band isn't bad. It has a repertoire of six pieces, all of which I now know by heart. According to local custom, on the anniversary of one's birth, even to the very moment, the band serenades the "lucky" individual for an hour. With 2,000 people in our town, we celebrate about six birthdays every twenty-four hours! Since the stork resembles the local folk in not bothering about a clock, it naturally follows that some of the citizenry were born in the wee hours of the morning. I have yet to learn to sleep the night through, undisturbed by band music.

The evening hours fall into an identical pattern. Let me describe last night for you, and you will know them all. We said Rosary in the church at about eight o'clock. Then I had a class in Spanish, since my



teacher works during the day. After that, I played a game of chess with Padre Flynn and a game of gin rummy with Padre McCabe; Padre Flynn does not play gin rummy and Padre McCabe does not play chess, so I am the happy balance. Shortly before eleven o'clock, the dim lights grew rapidly dimmer and then went out.

### Elusive Sleep

ELECTRICITY is supplied here for about four hours each night. No meters are used to measure the amount of current consumed; people pay on the basis of the number of bulbs they have in the house. As a result, everyone turns on all the lights at once! This causes a great strain on Cobija's little generator.

When the lights went out, we picked up our flashlights and prepared for bed. As soon as my head hit the pillow, I went right to sleep — for a short time. At the witching hour of twelve, a cow came to my window and rendered a bellicose moo. I went back to sleep again — only to be awakened by the clarion call of a trumpet. It was someone's birth hour, and the band was on the job. I dozed off to the tune of a Sousa march. Next, I was awakened by the patter of little feet. We have some corn for our horse, stored in one corner of my room, and the little feet tell me when the rats are in it again. There was nothing else to do but get up and re-cover the corn.

I was about ready to doze off again, when a loud buzzing filled my ear. I jumped up in alarm, realizing that I must have allowed a mosquito to get in under the net. I remembered reading a book which gave this warning: "Never sleep with a mosquito or you may wake up with malaria!"

It took some time to catch and kill the insect. Then a glance at my watch showed

five o'clock as I dropped off to sleep again. But almost immediately a neighbor's rooster began crowing that it was time to get up — and that was followed by the sound of hand-clapping at the front door of our house.

Here, the clapping of hands is a substitute for ringing the doorbell. The Bolivians never knock at a door. They merely walk into the house and clap their hands. If there is no response, they clap again. This goes on for a few moments, and if there is still no reply, they yell "Padre!" Old-timers can sleep to the call of "Padre!"

It didn't take me long to reason out a basis for the hand-clapping custom. The houses here are very flimsy. Probably someone once did knock at a door, and then was sent a bill for the cost of replacing the structure he had caused to collapse! After a few houses were thus wrecked, hand-clapping became the vogue, no doubt.

### Trickle or Deluge

THE Cobija water-supply system is unique. Once a day, for about an hour, a pipe supplies a trickle of water. We save this for drinking. For bathing, water is carried from the river in an empty gasoline tin. (These tins are very valuable in this jungle-land and sell for seventy-five cents each.) To take a shower bath, there is a choice: one can fill a basin of water and indulge in a sponge bath; or fill the basin, lift it overhead, and let the water rain down.

When we send our household linens and clothes each week to the laundress, we must also supply her with the soap to wash them. She takes the soiled articles to the washing pond (a concrete box, six feet square and two feet deep), which is filled with river water. The clothes are thoroughly soaped; but instead of rubbing them on a washboard, the laundress

energetically bangs them against the concrete. The clean clothes are then hung up to dry on a barbed-wire fence near by.

The people of the jungle have trouble with their teeth; in many cases, women of twenty-five are toothless. Poor diet is the chief cause. Milk and cheese are not produced locally, and there is no transportation to bring them in. Butter is very rare, and canned butter is hard to keep because of the lack of refrigeration. There are some fruits, but these only in season.

#### **Future in the Sky**

**B**BETTER transportation would solve the problem. Modern equipment would make the building of a one-lane, concrete highway through the jungle fairly easy. The land is flat, and bulldozers could operate freely. With better means of transportation, the health and economy of this region would improve greatly.

The use of airplanes would be a big

help for the missionaries. The airplane will come eventually to the jungle for progress cannot be stayed. It would save months for most missionaries, depending on their location. To travel up and down rivers is very slow. Traveling on horse is slow, too, and, except for the unusually hardy missionary, it requires much time for resting. The only way we can get around now is by horseback and canoe. The flat terrain makes small airport clearings a possibility at every mission station. The many rivers make seaplane travel quite feasible, except far upstream in the very dry seasons. Another need here is for more speedy communication. The introduction of the two-way radio would solve the problem.

There is a great deal of work to be done in this part of Bolivia. These jungle people need help in both body and soul. It is a privilege to be a sharer in this mission's work. I have received many graces in this assignment, and I think it is a real "ticket to heaven."

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**MISSION BOUND.** Father Michael J. McKillop, of Brooklyn, New York, and Father William M. Mackesy, of Lynn, Massachusetts, have been assigned to Japan. Brother Cornelius Christie, of Waterville, Connecticut, is already at his mission post in Mexico. Our total of departants now numbers 55, for 1946. During this month more priests will be assigned to the missions; some of these will be our newly ordained.

**Father Mackesy**

**Father McKillop**

**Brother Cornelius**





Seventy are going to the missions. We wish a thousand were ready to leave!

## They're Off!

**P**ERHAPS never in history has the need for foreign missionaries been so great as it is today. For never before has a force of men arisen to sweep the earth with the unholy, determined purpose of banishing Christ.

Only in proportion as bearers of light go into the world will the darkness disappear. The importance of sending missionaries

out now, at a time like this, is difficult to overestimate.

We have 70 missionaries waiting to go. We wish we had thousands! Yet without your help, we cannot send even these 70.

The sum of \$500 is needed for the traveling expenses and equipment of each missionary. Your gift (no matter how small or how big) will help one on his way!

----- (PLEASE USE THIS BLANK) -----

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Do Missioners Die Alone?

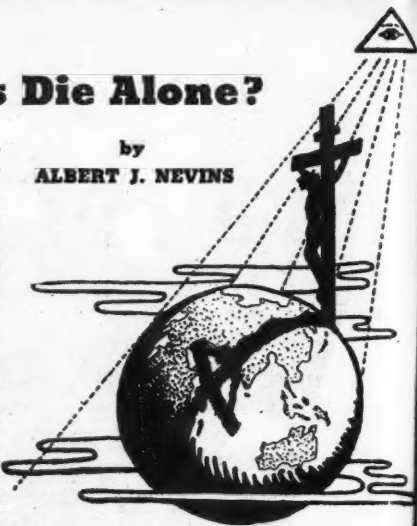
**M**ANY PERSONS have pictured to themselves the ideal way in which they would like to die; the majority imagine an heroic end. But rare is the man who meets the fulfillment of such a dream. So, too, in most cases, a glorious finale is denied to the missioner. Though many missioners die in plagues, few become martyrs.

Most missioners can look forward to a prolonged demise; it is usually some little bug that turns the last page in the book of the apostle's career. When one considers the life of a missioner, one wonders what sort of "charm" he carries.

He cannot quench his thirst unless he first boils the water; he dare not eat vegetables unless they have been well scrubbed. In the mission field, fresh pork and lingering death too often travel together. Should the modern apostle sleep without his mosquito netting, he would probably awaken with malaria. If his diet should consist largely of polished rice, he would most likely become ill with beriberi, which might prove fatal after a protracted illness. Let him travel beneath the sun without his helmet, and he probably will suffer sunstroke with its possible mental derangement.

Yet sudden death is not a rarity. Eternal rest came very quickly to Father Otto Rauschenbach, of Maryknoll, who was shot in China by bandits. A bullet killed Father Bonaventure Ciavaglia, O.F.M., while he was returning to his home in Shensi, China. Savage pagans in New Guinea killed Brother Eugene Frank, S.V.D. Two Canadian Oblate missioners were murdered for their guns, by a pair of Eskimos. But whether missioners die suddenly, or from protracted illness, as

by  
**ALBERT J. NEVINS**



a rule they die alone, away from friends.

The reason is that the missioner is, of necessity, a solitary man. Although two priests may live together in a central mission house, seldom are they to be found at home at the same time. When one is taking care of the center, the other is traveling about the district. For example, the territory covered by Maryknollers in Bolivia is larger than the State of California, yet there are only eighteen missioners in the entire region. In a recent diary, our Father Ambrose Graham mentioned casually that he hadn't seen a fellow missioner in three months.

When these mission priests do meet, it is usually to hear one another's confessions — and then they are off again. The missioner labors in an endless round of activity. From one village to the next, he goes, preaching the Word, in season and out of season, despite weather or ills or bandits or plague, spending or being spent.

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As he begins each round, he knows not whether it will be his last.

The death of Father Gerard Donovan, of Maryknoll, was a particularly lonely one. After he had emerged unscathed from three encounters with Manchurian bandits, it had been considered that he led a "charmed" life. So one day, when a native entered the mission sacristy and Father Donovan left the sanctuary to meet him, the congregation (gathered for Benediction) thought nothing of the incident. Only later, when two torn surplices were found outside the chapel, was it discovered that Father Donovan and the altar boy had been kidnaped.

It was not until long, cold, winter months had passed that some soldiers stumbled upon Father Donovan's body on a snow-covered mountainside. Father Donovan had died alone, a martyr of charity for his fellow man.

In Northern Canada, a missionary lay in an abandoned trapper's hut. Outside, a blizzard raged. The missionary was alone. Fevered, almost delirious, he did not have the strength to roll from his plank bed to the door, a few feet away, to moisten his burning throat with the snow seeping through the crevices.

### **Death in Silence**

IN CENTRAL AFRICA, a young European priest paddled his native canoe back to his mission. He swerved to avoid a rock, lost his balance, and plunged into the stream. Only the water and the overhanging trees saw him die.

Saint Francis Xavier died on desolate Sancian Island where bleak and deformed hills stumble down to a rocky shore. The chill of winter fog was in his bones, and the disappointment of his hope of reaching China was in his heart, when death found the great missionary alone except for

one faithful Chinese servant, a young boy.

Years later, "another Xavier," lying alone in South China, scribbled the following letter on scrap paper and sent it by courier to a fellow Maryknoller:

#### **DEAR FATHER DOWNS:**

I'm over a week on my back with smallpox. Thank God, I did not go down to spread it to the others!

Please tell Bishop Walsh I'm trying hard to offer my sufferings for his new responsibilities. I give him everything I have. God love him and dear Father Superior, my poor mother and brother and sisters. Tell them I'm praying for them. I hold no grudge against anybody. I am thinking of the Sisters and Brothers, also. Dr. Dickson has been especially kind to me.

Can't retain the least food and the heat is intense. God's blessed will be done. No mail seems to be coming this way. Pray for me.  
— McSHANE.

It was this 'Maryknoller's last letter. An abandoned baby dying of smallpox had been baptized by Father McShane — and the act cost him his life. There was no romance in such a solitary end, just as there is no romance in the drab drama of death that takes place in an insect-infested village of the Orient, or in the deadly heat of the African Karroo, or in the malaria-ridden air of jungled Brazil.

Thus in some far-distant place the missionary dies. All over the world, from the Congo to the Arctic, one finds the missionaries' graves. But although the voyager of Christ may die alone, he has lived in the presence of God, and so he dies with the Master at his side.

Missioners die alone, but they are not lonely, for round about them stand the welcoming throngs of the souls they have saved. And the gentle Saviour says: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."

## Maryknoll Want Ads

**Safety First.** Food at one of our South American missions must be kept in metal containers, to save it from being eaten by rodents. Twelve such containers are needed, at a total cost of \$62. The containers are essential.

**Maryknoll Rebuilds!** Already in China we are starting to rebuild what war destroyed. Our missionaries are there at work. \$1,000 is needed to make the priests' house in Wuchow habitable.

**Getting the Boys off the Streets** is a problem among South American natives, as elsewhere. A boys' club, which could be maintained for \$25 a month, would do untold good. Perhaps someone would like to sponsor it?

**It Is Not a Maryknoller's Job** to settle down and become the parish priest of a foreign town. His duty is to start a parish, and to train native priests to carry on after he shall have left to start another one. In China, Maryknoll has many promising young men in training. \$150 a year is needed to educate each Chinese seminarian. Will you finance, or partly finance, one of them?

**Twofold Hope for Lepers:** that the doctors may find a cure, since they are studying penicillin in relation to the disease; and that merciful Americans will buy the lepers rice, so that they may live while their problem is being studied. The gift of \$5 means a month's food!



**Mark Hopkins on One End** of a log and a student on the other, might be enough to make a school, but it would be a small school! Father Allié, in Guatemala, has to provide for fifty pupils. He needs desks for them at \$6 each — \$300 in all; and he needs maps, blackboards, chalk, and other equipment — \$150 at present. Who will help him to secure all these?

**You, too, Will Grow Old.** We hope and believe it will be in happier circumstances than those of many elderly Chinese who were made homeless by the war. Their fate reminds us that life is uncertain, and "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"! Will you give \$5 for one month's support of one old person?

**Short Cut.** Lumber for some parts of Bolivia travels from Oregon, U.S.A. — although there are Bolivian forests of fine trees within twenty miles! A portable saw rig, costing \$200, would enable Father Fritz to save three times that much in building his mission. This is a worthy use for any funds that you can spare.

**Windows of the Soul** — eyes! Eyes of the church — windows! Father Walsh's church in Temuco, Chile, needs eight windows. They will cost \$25 each. This missionary asks you to help to get the windows.





Each Friday the Maryknoll priests say their Masses for all our benefactors

## REQUESTS FROM MISSIONS

**A Guatemala church** needs a confessional. \$50 is required to build it.

**Bread and Wine**—not for the table, but for the altar! A year's supply for one Maryknoll mission costs \$30. Aid towards this would be appreciated.

**Stations of the Cross**—at \$20 for each station—are requested by a missionary in Ecuador. Can they be provided?

**In the tropics** in China and South America, mildew and other climatic problems are always with us. A case to preserve vestments (\$80 for the case) will repay its own cost in "saved" vestments every year.

**Candlesticks** are needed in three Maryknoll missions in China. They cost \$9.50 for each set.

"The Making of a Catholic Will" is a free booklet we will gladly send you. Inquiry involves no obligation. Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS**

**MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**



**Two pairs of muddy Army shoes.** One pair belonged to a missionary-chaplain; the other to a C.I. Mass server. The latter pair came home after the war; the other continues to slosh through Oriental mud in the endless war to win souls to God.



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